



THE dear word, Christmas, marshals legions of precious memories out from the past and crowns the future with a halo of golden, cheery promises. Out from the shadows come the festive times when Santa Claus was a verity, with his fat panceh and great, rosy cheeks; when, on awaking, stockings filled to bursting greeted the eye, and at eventide the flashing Christmas tree fairly laughed its satisfaction at the joyous gladness it was diffusing all around.

Day of the children! An infantine laugh is the divinest of songs in the ear of the Christ, who was once a helpless babe, His only shelter a mother's loving breast. The Man-Christ took little ones in His arms and blessed them, declaring that all must be as they in trust and innocence, if they would be heirs to His everlasting kingdom.

Day of home-bringing and home-gathering, when the loved ones meet and unselfishly live in the pleasure each of the other. Tender affection banishes self and man lives in touch with his fellow, glorified of the divine benediction of love. He is nearest to divinity who gets farthest from self, and the gifts of Christmas-tide are so many pledges of disinterested esteem for the recipients. A time is this when care rolls away like a scroll in the fire, and mirth and good will become the all-pervading genii of the household. Love and joy cross the threshold and kiss one another, as they pronounce a blessing upon all beneath the roof. Peace covers the dear ones as a mantle, and gladness so abounds that it is the day of all days throughout the metes and bounds of Christendom.

Christmas of sleigh-bells and crystal snow, Christmas of warmth and flowers, for the Christ-day girdles the earth and embraces all climates and all nations, and everywhere, thank God! it is a day of festive joy and happiness—a fitting commemoration of the fulfillment of the promise made by the herald of God in the glowing words: "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people."

It is peculiarly the Christ day, a time when the beauty of His self-abnegating life is reflected in sublime majesty. Never a selfish shadow obscured His path; His the grandest of all epitaphs: He lived and He died that others might live forever. A man without a home. He has gladdened and brightened millions of homes. He was a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, yet from

His presence an ocean of consolation has spread out and covered the earth with its waters of healing. His last prayer was an intercession for His enemies, and His last sigh a breath of confidence in God.

The glory song of the herald angels, sung at the first Christmas, that paean of praise to God and pledge of peace to man, shall never die. The grandest of all carols, dearest of all angel hymns, time has destroyed none of its sweetness and has preserved all of its promise. Peace and amity dwell where the spirit of Jesus prevails, and each Christ day is a benison indeed to those who see His face through the clouds and the mists of mortality.

Christmas, the home day, the Christ day! May its lessons and its blessings gladden all hearts and make a truth of the common salutation: "A Merry Christmas be upon you."

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

THE FAD OF THE HOUR.



The man in the moon hangs up his stocking.—Golden Days.

An Even Exchange.

Mrs. Bride—I suppose you and Fred will give each other handsome holiday presents?

Miss Fiance—Yes; we have promised to surrender our liberties to each other right away.—Raymond's Monthly.

HIS CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.



"Did you catch Miss Phair under the mistletoe last night?"

"Yes, and then went out under her father's mistletoe."—Judge.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

D. A. M.
Silver City Chapter, No. 2, at Masonic Hall. Regular convocations on 3d Wednesday evening of each month. All companions invited to attend. AARON SCHUFZ, H. P. PERRY B. LADY, Sec'y.

A. F. & A. M.
Silver City Lodge, No. 8, Meets at Masonic Hall, over Silver City Nat'l Bank, the Thursday evening on or before the full moon each month. All visiting brothers invited to attend. M. W. TWOMEY, W. M. PERRY B. LADY, Sec'y.

O. E. S.
Silver City Chapter No. 3, O. E. S. Meets every 1st and 3d Thursday in each month at Masonic Hall. MRS. CENA COSGROVE, W. M. MRS. NELLY B. LADY, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.
Jas L. Ridgely Encampment No. 1, meets the 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting patriarchs cordially invited. A. E. ATKINS, C. P. J. J. KELLY, Scribe.

I. O. O. F.
Isaac Tiffany Lodge, No. 13, meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank building, Saturday evenings. Members of the order cordially invited to attend. T. W. HOLSON, N. G. ST. GEORGE ROBINSON, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.
Helen Lodge, No. 7, Rebekah Degree. Meetings—second and fourth Friday nights in each month, at hall of I. S. Tiffany Lodge No. 13, Bank building. L. F. ROWLEE, N. G. ST. GEORGE ROBINSON, Sec'y.

K. O. P.
Meets 2d and 4th Tuesday nights of each month, at Odd Fellow's Hall. Visiting Knights invited. FRANK WRIGHT, C. C. J. J. SHERIDAN, K. R. & S.

A. O. U. W.
Meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesday of each month. Fellow workmen cordially invited. C. L. CANTLEY, M. P. E. M. YOUNG, Rec.

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